



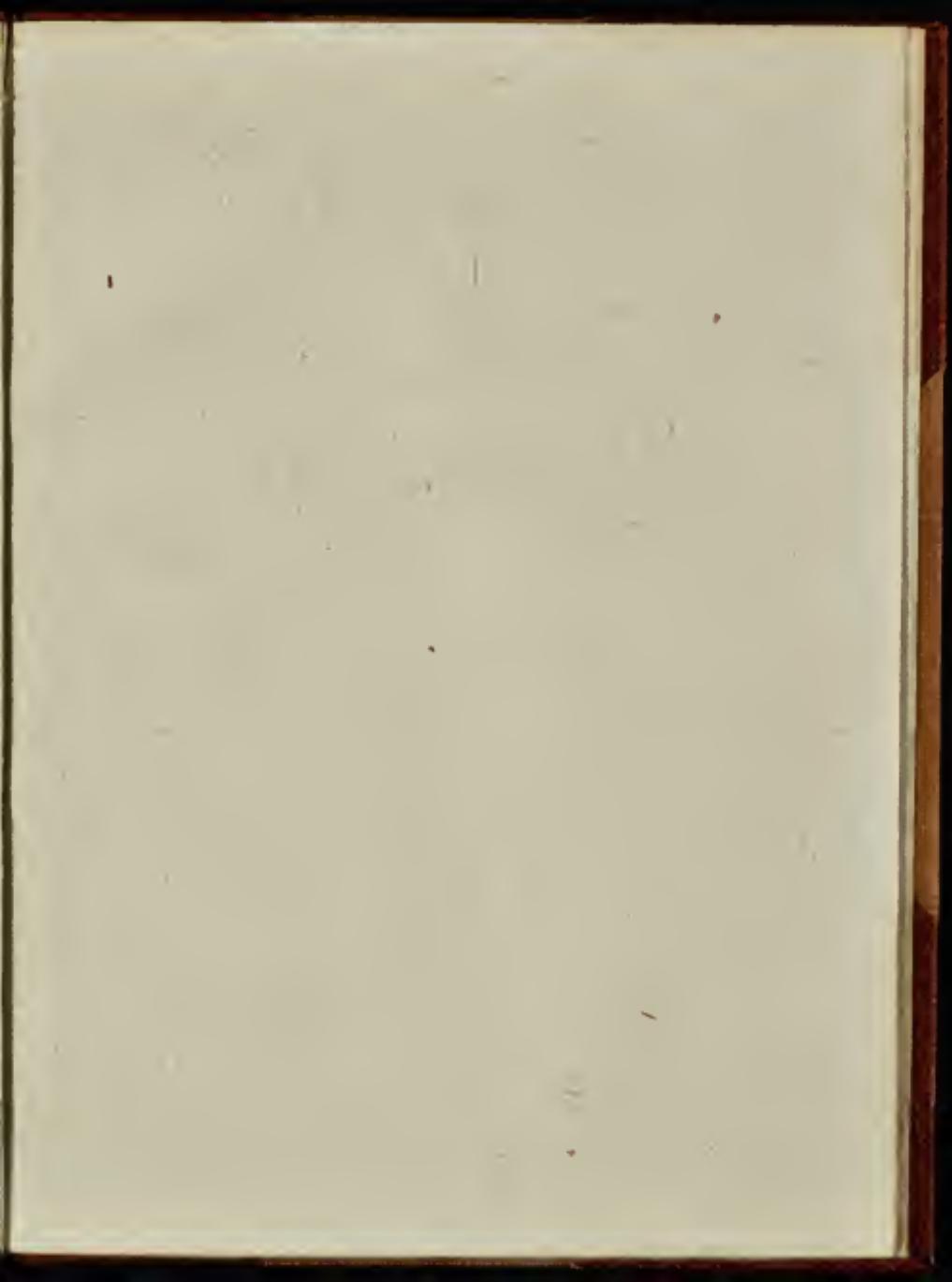
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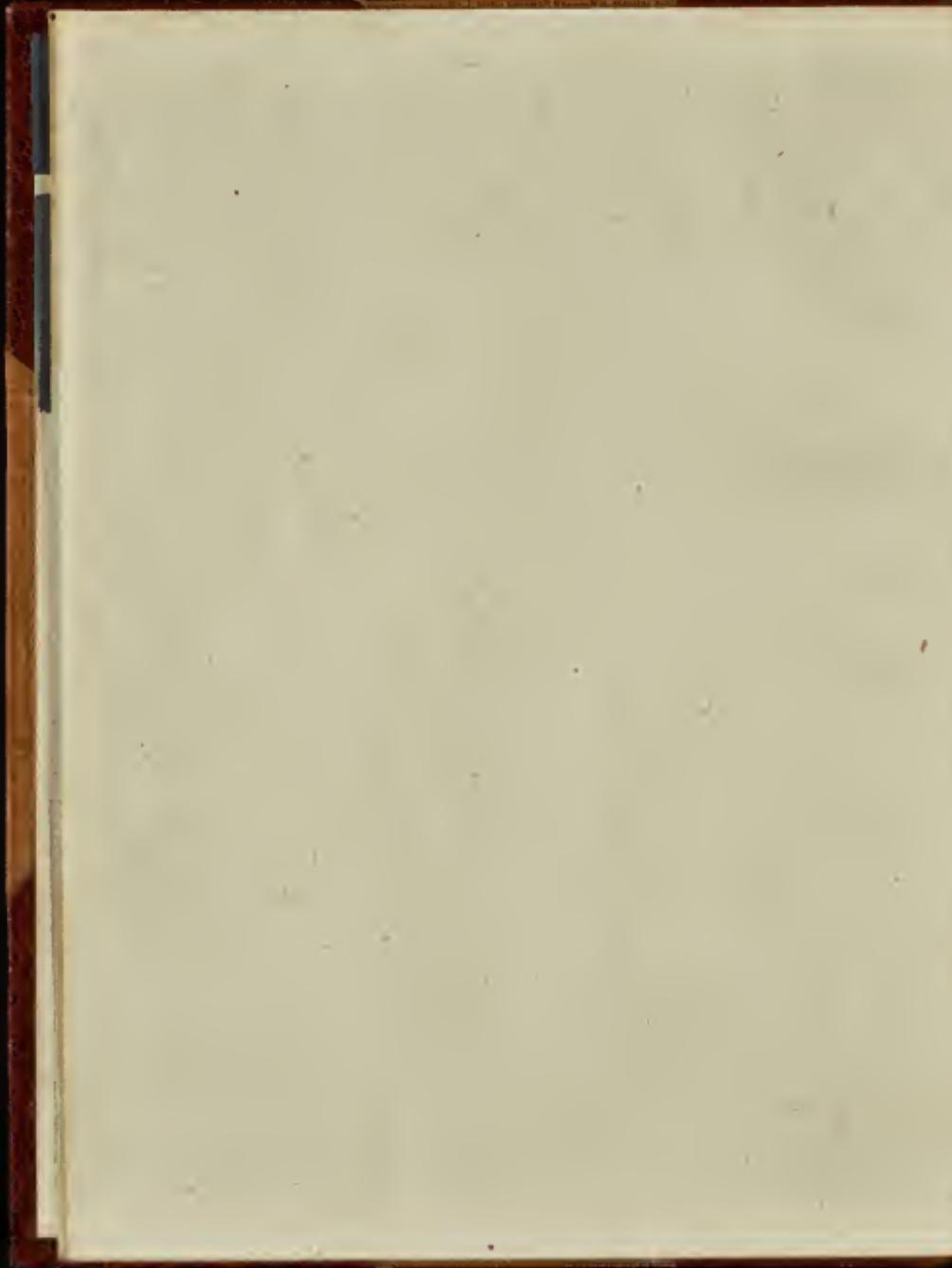
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SKETCHES
OF THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
JACOB PARKHURST;

WRITTEN WITH HIS OWN HAND WHEN ABOUT THREE SCORE AND TEN
YEARS OF AGE, NOT FOR SPECULATION OR HONOR, BUT FOR THE
BENEFIT OF THE RISING GENERATION, PARTICULARLY OF HIS
OWN DESCENDANTS.

*Adding a few facts to the many recorded instances of the sufferings
of the early pioneers along the Ohio River.*

HENRY COUNTY, INDIANA.

*John W. Grupps, Printer, "Courier" Office,
NEWCASTLE IND.*

18⁴².

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NARRATIVE.

My Parents emigrated from the State of New Jersey, to Virginia, in the year 1771, where my father raised a crop, and where I and my twin brother Isaac, were born, on the 19th of February, 1772.

About the year 1773, we moved to Pennsylvania, Washington county, where we lived through the Revolutionary war, exposed to the tomahawk of the merciless Savage—suffering all the hardships of a wilderness country, and the privations of a calamitous war.

The first summer we spent was the summer of 1774, when we moved to a ~~country~~ ^{place} to Enoch's fort, where we lived, or remained all summer, having left our little residence of a log cabin, and a few acres partially cleared in the dense forest. Being much alarmed by the tidings of the Indians having crossed the Ohio River, and steering towards our frontier, of which we were about in the front. The men of the fort, as many as had rifles, armed themselves as well as they could, though ammunition was hard to obtain, and joined into a working party, and went round in turn to each one's field, and some stood guard, while the balance planted, or hoed the crops. Thus with much difficulty they obtained a very small pitance of provision for the wants of their families, but our little band was favored with no loss of lives from the enemy. In the fall, when hunting time came on, the Indians withdrew, and we moved home, where we lived independent, for my father had been a trip to Laurel Hill, bought a pair of handmill stones, and packed them out on the old bay mare, and we could grind our own corn, and make our own Johnnycake.

I have stated a few things by information, which happened before my earliest notice. I will now try to state a few facts of my own recollection.

On April 15th, 1775, my father went away some 10 or 12 miles, and brought an old Dutch woman, whom they called Granny French—my aunt Huntington was also there, and one or two other women of the neighborhood, but my oldest brother took his little wooden wagon which he had built for his own accomodation, and loaded on the two twin boys, & went about a mile to the nearest neighbor, where we staid till towards night; when we came back, my oldest sister informed us that we had a younger brother, and that I was not the youngest son, (for so my mother called me.) But I went near to the door of the cabin, where I peeped through the crack in the wall—my mother seeing my eyes shine through the wall, said to me, "ah! Jacob, you are not my youngest son now." With that, I dodged back, and hid behind the oven, and would not go in till night.

About these times the hunters used to come to my fathers, as we were in the front range. We had an old dog that used to catch their wounded deer; one day he chased an old buck into the creek, and my oldest brother took his tomahawk and ran down, and when the dog caught the buck by the nose and held him, he waded in and peeked ~~the~~ ^{the} dog holding his grip, till the buck sunk down in the water. My brother was a lad of about thirteen years of age.

About this time, our living was venison and hominy, with some mush and milk, and some corn cakes, ground on a hand-mill and sifted through a splinter sieve. Our common dress was tow linen, or dressed deer skin, when we had clothes, but boys, such as I and my twin brother till about eight or ten years of age, had to do with one long shirt a year which came down to the calf of the legs, and when they were worn out we had to go naked, or nearly so, till the next crop of flax was manufactured into linen, which was done in the winter, for in the summer we had to live in the fort, and if we could manage to raise a little corn and potatoes, we felt very thankful for the supply for the winter. About in this manner we passed on, forting in the summer, and staying at home in the winter, till the winter that I was eight years old, which was 1780, which was called the hard winter—the snow fell early, more than two feet deep, but we had not our new shirts yet, therefore the twin boys were nearly naked, but I began to contrive for myself; accordingly, I found a small deer skin that had been killed out of season—too thin to dress, so

I put strings to it, and turncd the hair side next to my belly, and wore it as an apron, then I was well prepared to face the winter winds, my feet and legs being still naked, and my old shirt all gone except the collar, and a few threads hanging round.

It was not long now until we got our new shirts, which came down to the calf of our legs, then we were well clad for the winter, though we had no other clothes:—but we were too warm to stay in the house, especially by the fire. So we got corn stalk guns, and would go a hunting to the creek, twenty or twenty five rods from the house, where we would pretend to shoot and get the out side bark off of the inner baulk for skins, and then return home with our skins, the snow being up to our forks every jump. Sometimes when we did not go a hunting, we wou't get too warm, and go out where the snow was drifted by the fence that joined the house, we would climb upon the fence, and jump heels for most all over head and ears in the snow bank, and then run to the fire, with legs as red as an old tureys—this was something like case hardening. By this time there were several new forts built, namely, Jackson's on the South Fork of Ten mile, and Atkison's on the middle fork of Lindsleys, on the same creek, to which last mentioned fort we belonged; but my mother had got very much opposed to living in the fort, on account of her children running into all manner of mischief & evil. In the summer of 1781, about the last of June, the express came, that the Indians had crossed the Ohio, and were steering for the frontier; my mother proposed to go to the woods, so we loaded up our beds and bedding which were but light, and moved into the woods, about a mile from home, in the head of a lonesome hollow between the two creeks, where we staid two days and one night, but there came a great rain and wet our bedding, so that we moved home again, the enemy having made their way to some other settlement.

We now staid at home till about September, being favored with some Rangers, that were sent from the interior parts. One of these spies who camped at our house, was by the name of Caleb Goble—he and my brother Daniel took a scout onto the head of Wheeling, and down to the fork, where they spied a trail, of Indians, about five which had went up the other fork which was called Templeton's Fork. Our spies hastened home with all possible speed to give the alarm. So we loaded up

on horse back, and started, not to the fort, but to a friend, who lived 8 or 9 miles in the interior; but we had not gone far till we heard the news of the murder of two young men of the name of Carroll, that lived towards the head of the creek on which the tracks were seen by the spies, which was about two miles from our house. The Indians lay in ambush some distance from the house—about daylight as the young men went out to gather some wood for the fire, the Indians shot them both, which alarmed the woman and childeen in the house, and while they were scalping the two boys, the family made their escape into the cornfield and thro' it into the woods, and so gained their retreat to the fort; but before they got out of the corn field, they heard them shoot the old bitch at the door, who was not for letting them in, but when they had despatched her, they entered the house, and ripped open the beds, and threw the feathers all over the house, and carried off what they would of the clothing. In April 1732 about two miles from our house, a young man by the name of Stephen Carter, went out to hunt turkeys; before it was light he thought he heard turkeys gobbling, but the nearer he ~~approached~~ ~~approached~~ the more he suspected the fraud, till at length he discovered five Indians secreted in order to decoy the unsuspecting—he ran back to the house—alarmed the family, who escaped to the fort, which was one mile distant. He then alarmed the neighborhood. The news came to our house very early—we packed up in short order, and started for the fort. The Indians finding they were discovered, left the creek they were on, and crossed the high hill, and struck the head of the run that we were encamped on, the summer before, and went down the run, till they came in sight of the road, just as we got along coming round the point of the hill, there were three men with us, or rather as a flank guard who had crossed the point on our left, and discovered the Indians up the run in gun shot, and one of the men raised his gun to shoot an Indian, another advised him not to fire, lest the horses should frighten, and throw the woman and children; but the word was given that the Indians were in sight, when the leader of the pack-horse company, whose name was Benjamin Goble, called out with a commanding voice, "come on, for here is the Indians!" The Indians supposing there was a troop of men behind, fled across the hill to the creek, that we had come down, while the force behind, was three families of women and children—several boys of us on foot, who ~~accompanied~~

up the hill, for we had a long hill to cross to the fort.

We got to the top of the hill, and the road made a circle round the head of a hollow, when I took a course straight across, but got bewildered, and kept down the branch till I came to the forks of the creek, one mile below the fort. I then turned up the other creek, and came to the fort before I was missed; but neither my mother, my father, or my oldest brother were along with us, for the two latter had gone the day before, a distance of 10 or 11 miles to get some fruit trees to plant out, and my mother said that she would stay at home and keep the old gun, for fear the men might come by the road, so that they could not hear the alarm, and thus be taken by the enemy. As soon, however, as it was known in the Fort, that my mother was not in the company, and that she had stayed at home, and that the Indians were steering in that direction, an elderly man of the name of Caleb Lindlay, jumped on his old roan horse, and said he would go and bring the old lady into the fort, and put out with all speed until he got into the bottom, within a hundred rods of the house, when he discovered the Indians by the side of the road, and he tacked, and rode back, the Indians, raising the yell, after him. The old man also yelled, but the Indians halted. The old man then turned his horse again and called for Captain Rice to come on; "we'll have their scalps immediately;" at which the Indians wheeled, and ran across the bottom towards the big hill, and the old man rode up to the bars, and called for the old woman, who at hearing the yelling, went up into the loft with her gun, and pulled up the ladder, but when she heard the call at the bars, she did not know whether it was friend or foe, but when he remarked that he was afraid they had got her, she then came down with the old rifle gun which she had kept close by her all the time of the noise. The old man took her on behind him, and carried her to the fort. By this time, the men of the fort were in the greatest anxiety, and started about a dozen men to pursue the Indians, but they could not overtake them.

About four months after this, my brother Thomas was born in the Fort. I think this was the last summer that we lived in the fort. As the emigration extended slowly to the west, the Indians, therefore, committed their murders along Wheeling creek, or along the Ohio River, &c., and the inhabitants would frequently run together at our house, or some other suitable place of defence, till the Indians had re-crossed the Ohio.

In one of those excursions they came stealthily, early in the morning, to the house of one Davis, who lived on Wheeling about 12 miles from our house, and murdered and scalped the whole family except one son and one daughter. The son was out hunting the horses, and came home while they were in the act, but made his escape. The daughter found her way into the cornfield, and made good her retreat.

Another family of the name of Crow, a dutchman, had two daughters and one son killed on Wheeling, with whom I was acquainted, and another son shot through the ear, whom the Indians chased to the high bank of the creek, when he jumped down into a deep hole of water, and swam out and escaped. their guns not being loaded.

Another man named Timothy Bean, with whom I was well acquainted, lived on Wheeling, about 12 miles from our house, his wife not being with him. Three children, two girls and one boy, were out in the bottom, with their father, gathering walnuts, when the Indians came rushing on them with their tomahawks and knocked down all three of the children, but as there were but two Indians, while they were scalping the two girls, the boy got up and ran to his father, who was at work in the field, though the boy was badly hurt with the blow on his head.

The Indians hurried off with their two scalps, and having stripped the two girls of most of their clothes, hurried off to cross the river before overtaken; and the old man took the lad on his back, and carried him all the way to the ten-mile settlement, but the girls lay with their skulls naked, and their bodies nearly so, the remainder of that day, and the night following, and all the next day until in the night, when a company of men arrived in order to bury them, under the command of Major Henry Dickerson. But when they had found one of the unfortunate victims, who was dead, they searched round for the other, who had crawled down to the branch for drink, and was lying partly in the water, not being able to get back. She heard the men in the dark, and thought they were Indians, and laid still until they drew near her, when one of the men spoke to the Major, and called him Henry; then she called out "don't leave me, Henry." They wrapped her in a blanket, and carried her to Father Crafts where she lived several days, but her skull had been fractured, and the flies had lodged their eggs inside her skull, that grew into large creepers which appeared about the time she died. She said that her sister

lived through the remainder of the first day, and till about midnight.—She thought she heard her groan her last. I think this was about the last murder that was done by the Indians, in the region of our settlements, it being long after peace was settled with Britain. But the emigration still extended to the west, until our settlement was no longer a frontier.

But we had another enemy which infested our new country that was something like the Indians, for they would hide in the grass until they got an opportunity to strike, and then run and bide. They were the rattle snake and the copper head. They were very numerous, and had their dens in the rocks, where they wintered, and we would go early in the spring and slay them by dozens.

About the year 1783, towards the last of August, I was helping my father to load some rails on a sled to fence a new wheat field, as we were at work at a large pile of rails, that had been made the winter before there was a large yellow Rattle Snake concealed under the rails, and it struck me in the big vein on the top of my foot, and the blood gushed out and ran down to the bottom of my foot. I saw the snake after it had done the act, but did not kill it for my father hurried me to return home. So I started and run home, and left Father to kill the snake, but when he turned his attention to the snake, behold it was gone. It is said that they always hasten to the water when they bite, or it proves fatal to themselves. I felt no distress till I got home and set down, when my nose began to feel numb—my tongue to quiver and feel clumsy—followed with a distressing sickness at the stomach, and pain in the bowels, which lasted till some time in the night, when I became senseless to pain, till towards day, I seemed to awake as out of a sleep, and wanted to make water, which appeared to be nearly all blood—my nose had bled abundantly on the pillow, and some places on my hands and feet that were scratched with the briers, the blood started out fresh, and my nose continued bleeding every day, for a week or more, and was hard to stop. My leg swelled up to my body, and turned the color of the snake. I lay for nearly a week in a doubtful situation. When I began to mend, I was about three weeks that I could not walk or go out of the house, but in about five weeks, I was so that I ran about tolerably brisk, and became sound and well, and grew more rapidly than before, so that the next

winter, when I was about fifteen years old; my weight was one hundred and fifty pounds.

In the fall of 1788, my uncle Gershum Guard moved out to Red-stone on his way down to Sym's purchase, or to the North Bend, where they settled—and with him, his sons, and sons in law, daughters, married and unmarried. And one of my cousins by the name of Jemima, came to stay at our house all winter, who was an agreeable young lady, whom we all respected.

The next spring being 1789, my uncle pursued his journey down to North Bend. My brother-in law also packed up and went with them, leaving his place on Dry Run, to be rented. His name was Stephen Carter. My father also went along to view the country, and left the boys to manage the farm, till after harvest, for he and Carter tended a company of corps at the North Bend, where early the next spring, Carter was killed and scalped by the Indians, in sight of the garrison.

In 1790, was a very scarce season in Pennsylvania—the corn crops having failed the summer before, the grain got so scarce before harvest, that some had to cut the early rye, and dry it over the fire like flax, then rub it out and boil it, to preserve life. We had nearly the half of a five acre field used up in this manner.

But in August, there was a call made by the government, for 300 men to be taken out of Fayette and Washington counties, to join the Kentucky militia, to go against the Indians, under General Harmer. Our militia was mustered, and volunteers were called for, when I, and some others of my comrades, turned out, it being the first muster that ever I was at, after I was enroled, but this was sad news to to my poor afflicted mother. My father was at the muster, and I informed them, that I wanted to go down to the North Bend, to see what had become of my sister, whose husband the Indians had killed the spring before, which pacified them in some measure. So they fixed me off in the best manner they could. I took my oldest brother's hunting gun, which was sure fire, and sharp shooting rifle. We then met at Washington, where we mustered under Lieutenant Sutton—thence we marched by land to the Ohio River, at McMahan's bottom, between Wheeling and Grave Creek, where we joined the Fayette militia, who had descended the Monongahale River, by water—we then embarked in nine flat bottom boats, where we thought

we suffered many hardships, being 300 of us crowded into nine boats with beef cattle, horses, flour barrels, and kegs, so that there was scarcely any chance to lie down, but on the barrels and bags, or under the cattle's feet.

The river being low, our voyage was tedious, but in about eight or nine days, we arrived at the bottom opposite Cincinnati, below the mouth of Licking, which was then a thick forest, covered with beech and buck-eye timber. Here we joined the Kentucky militia, and was under the command of General Harmer. We lay there about three weeks, in which time, I got a furlough and went down to the North Bend, with Captain Virgin, who had visited our camp, and took me in his canoe—he was from Pennsylvania, but now lived at the North Bend, and gave me a message from my sister, the widow Carter, before named. So my cousin Aaron Rabbit and myself, got into his canoe, and went down with him where I found my sister, in a log cabin, but no sister. She had just survived a hard siege of the fever, which had left her bald-headed, and half obliged. We staved a few days, and then returned to the camp, where we lived on fresh pork, and dodgers, made of damaged meal, and we did not draw salt enough to half season our pork, which caused the dysentery to prevail amongst us, so that I got so weak in a few days, that I was doubtful, that I should not be able to march out to the Indian towns; but as the time drew near, and the day appointed, I concluded to try marching, and see if it would not cure me. So we marched the first evening to Mill Creek, which I found to be hard for me to perform. It rained hard that night, and wet our beds throughout our tents. The next morning, finding myself unable to march, I got a pass and returned to the hospital at Cincinnati, where I took a strong dose of Tartar, which worked me severely, and after a few days I got into an old canoe, and went down to North bend, to my widowed sister, where I remained hunting her cows, & killing turkeys until the company returned, and had done but little more to brag of than I had. Then I went up to Cincinnati, to greet my mess mates, and fellow soldiers, who had survived the returning detachments, where I found a mess-mate, as well as an old school mate of the name of Jacob Allen, who agreed to go with me to North Bend, and stay all winter,—and so we went down and agreed to get wood, and grind the widow's corn on the hand-mill for our board, and for a meet we killed the bucks,

the turkeys and the possums. In this manner, we lived, and had frequent tours of scouting, as we was joined to a company of volunteers under Captain Brice Virgin, and acted as a defence] to the garrison at North Bend, and by frequent tours of scouting up the Miami, White Water, &c. during which time, we boarded at my sister's, the widow Carter. Late in the fall. Allen and myself, went over into the Miami bottom, where we found a pile of leaves, we went to it and found two deer, a doe and a spike buck, carefully laid together, and buried with leaves, being killed by the Panthers. We skinned them, and carried home the hind quarters, as they were well blcd, and yet warm.

It was a scarce time of powder and lead, but one evening the scouts came in a little before night, and commenced shooting at a mark, off hand, for the lead. I was very scarce of bullets, but I concluded that I would risk one any how. So I fired away, and buried my bullet in the black, almost cutting the centre. The older hunters shot a number of times, but could not draw my shoot. So I cut out my lead, and carried it home, of which I had a hand full, which lasted me through the season.

As the season advanced towards Christmas,—the weather was cold, and the ice ran thick in the river, and on Saturday evening before Christmas, about thirteen of us took a notion to take a tour. We crossed the Ohio, notwithstanding the ice ran rapidly—we went down to Tanner's station, on the Kentucky side, below the mouth of Miami, where we staid all night—in the morning, the ice ran thicker than ever, but we got a small canoe, that would carry about four or five men, and with difficulty the two first loads got over; but just as the last got about the middle of the river, there came a cake of ice which nearly filled the channel of the river, and we had to drive before it, sometimes drive against other cakes and were nearly overset or thrown out of the water, but we made shift, by breaking the ice with our paddles, to get to the shore, or where the ice was gorged up so that we drew our canoe upon it, and so got ashore, we then took a course across the hilly country, towards where Brookville now stands, and camped out in the snow and frost. As there was a tracking snow, and cold weather, we killed one deer, which supplied us for meat: The next day we struck White Water, and followed down to where it enters the Miami, which brought night upon us—as there was no white inhabitants west of the Miami, we struck fire, but soon found that

the trees in the bottom were abounding with turkeys, and the moon was about the full, so we prepared for an evening hunt, for we had no meat for supper,—so when the moon got high enough, we went and killed what we wanted. By getting them between us and the moon, we could draw sight on them, and fetch them down almost every shot. So we dressed and roasted what was necessary for supper, and seasoned it high, so when we planted our sentry, we went to our lodging, which was a blanket spread down on the leavs, and another over us by the fire. But when we got to bed, we could not sleep, we were so thirsty—so we took an old wool hat, that had gone to seed, and turned it inside out to carry water in—so we took it in rotation, for the full of the hat would nearly go round. So we took a nap. In the morning we took the balance of our turkeys and went home.

Soon after this I took another trip up White Water to hunt a tree to make a Perogue. We came to a pond or buyou in the bottom where we saw some wild geese; so we slipped up and discovering some very large white ones we both took aim, but his gun missed fire, but I killed a large swan which I skinned and stuffed, and had it for a pillow while I staid at North Bend, when I slept by the fire which I commouly did when hunting.

On Christmas day Judge John Cleave Syms invited the whole Garrison of men, hunters and all, to the raising of a fort or blockhouse over on the Miami bottom. It was a log cabin with sixteen corners, which he had planned so as to afford a chance to fire on the enemy from the port holes in every direction, if they should advance to scale the walls or set fire to the building; we did not finish it that day, for the days were short and it was a troublesome building to raise; it took eight cornermen, each of whom were required to carry up two corners. I was one of the corner men; but we did not cover it that day, and the weather setting in hard, it was not finished when I left the North Bend. It was calculated for four fire places, and for four families to live. I thought it was an invention of the old Judge, to have something curious and exciting to send back to New Jersey; but I never understood that it was invaded by the enemy, as the settlemeunts soon became coasolidated up the Miami to Cole-rain.

When the hunting was mostly over, I made me a little smoke-house and dressed the skins that I had killed, and sold some, with the proceeds

of which I got me a pair of pantaloons, for we now began to prepare to go to Pennsylvania. About the middle of February 1791 Mr. Allen and myself wound up our business and took leave of our friends and fellow Rangers at North Bend and went up to Cincinnati in order to get a passage up to Wheeling or to Pennsylvania; but finding no passage for some days, we went up to Columbia where we found two large canoes, and about 18 or 19 men, bound for Wheeling. We obtained passage with them on condition that we would walk part of the way, to which we agreed in order to get our knapsacks carried, and as there was danger of Indians along the river. Sometime in the latter part of February we set sail from Columbia for Limestone. Some rowed, some walked on land—the weather being fine and the river clear of ice. In the afternoon, however, a heavy fall of snow commenced which continued until some time in the night when the snow was about knee deep. We landed our canoes about sunset, and prepared for the night as well as we could. We found a large hollow sycamore with a hole in one side, which held part of the men, the others scraped away the snow and lay down three in a bed, having one blanket under and two over them. Having previously taken supper in the tremendous snow storm, we went to bed and the snow covered us up head and ears,—though rather cold at first, yet when we awoke in the night we were sweating, for our covering was heavy. The snow ceased some time in the night and turned to rain, which settled the snow. Towards day it cleared off and froze a crust on the snow.

In the morning after taking breakfast about thirteen of us set out on foot; and we had not only to break the snow but the crust, which we did by marching in Indian file till the leader was nearly exhausted, when he fell back in the rear, and so on alternately until all had served their tour. To our mortification the canoes left us, having promised to wait at the mouth of a creek which was at some distance ahead when we parted; but they broke their promise and left us to shift for ourselves, without provisions or blankets which were in their canoes. We travelled all that day through the snow and crust, and managed to get across the waters by sliding on long poles, the ice not being strong enough to carry us without some aid. When night came on we halted without much ceremony for we had neither blankets nor provisions. We scraped away the snow and gathered some sticks to make a fire, but we had no supper to cook—the

snow crust being so hard that we could not get nimm any game, but we contented ourselves as well as we could. One of Jacob Allen's moccasins had failed so that his foot came to the snow, and I cut off my leather pantaloons below the knee and made him a moccasin, as I had long cloth leggings; then we fixed ourselves down as well as we could near our fires but the night was frosty and I got to sleep with my hand under my head my fingers being next the snow, so that two of them got frosted and were blistered the next day. Next morning we got up and without breakfast or dinner travelled though the snow until about sunset we got to Lees' creek station, where we found plenty of log cabins and corn dodgers and some old acquaintance from Pennsylvania who were very kind to us. The next day we got a passage in a keel boat belonging to a Mr. Boon and ran up to Limestone where the canoes that had left us had landed but could give no good account of their conduct.

We then went to Washington, in Kentucky—a small town of log cabins and some hard cider, which came from Redstone country—and went to work for some shoes, for we were almost barefoot. Here I found my sister Rhoda, also Grandfather Parkhurst was there, and about to move to Lexington; also Cousin Job Grund lived in town and I worked for him about half a month. About this time we heard of a keel boat at the landing, that was laden with bacon and butter, bound for Galliopolis, belonging to Captain Strong of Cincinnati. We then went and took a passage to be boarded for our work and company, which swelled the number of the crew to forty men—twenty spare hands, for the boat worked twenty oars. So we were divided into companies—20 to walk two hours, and then relieve the oarsmen. I think we started on Tuesday, some time in the forepart of March, just after a great rain, the river being high, some of the first days, we scarce got ten miles a day, and it was all a wilderness from Limestone to Galliopolis. We passed the mouth of Siota on Saturday evening, awhile before night, which was called (sixty miles) from Limestone. We had then been five days on board. The river had fallen, and we were making fine headway. We camped at night, on the bank of the river, and Sunday morning, got early breakfast, and set sail in fine spirits, but to our surprise we soon discovered two fresh moccasin tracks in the sand, which we supposed to be Indians. We then called a halt, and held a counsel of War, for we expected to be attacked,

end that those two Indians had been spying us at our camp, the night before. We resolved, that if we were attacked, the boat should land; turn out and help us fight it any chance,—if not, take the sufferers in if possible. It was also resolved that a flank guard of three men be sent into the bottom, to reconnoitre, while the balance followed the foot path as usual. I turned out with the flanking party, as I expected the Indians to waylay the path, and take all advantage, as I had been too long on the frontier not to know something about Indian Warfare.

We again proceeded—and it was my turn on land, and my lot as one of the flank guard, while the seventeen proceeded along the foot path. We had scarcely travelled one hour, until we came into a thick under wood, so that the flank guard could not discover the main body. We heard one rifle fire, which caused us to halt, when a heavy firing took place, and the savage yell rent the air. The two boys that was with me, started towards the river hill, quartering a little down the river, the direction to Limestone: but I had no notion to leave my company, so I ran towards the action, until I came in fair view, when I took a tree, and thought to try to shoot an Indian, but I discovered there was no stand made by our men; they appeared to be shot down, or retreating what few was left, trying to reach the boat; and the Indians very numerous, I thought best not to discharge my gun nor disclose myself. As the Indians was now between me and the boat, I ran up the river about a half mile, where I sat down to listen for the boat, which I expected would run across the river, and proceed on the other side—but I never saw her again; but I afterwards heard the boat attempted to land, but there was but one of our men came to the bank, and he appeared to be wounded. The boat was in the act of landing, when the Indians fired from the bank, into the boat, and killed one man and, wounded two more. She then turned and attempted to cross to the other side, but discovered the Indians preparing to receive them—she then turned down the river, and went back to Limestone. The party that went up from Washington to bury the dead, supposed the Indians to be about 200 strong, and followed them about 20 miles up the Sciota river, but having so much the start they could not overtake them. Out of the seventeen persons on land, only one made his escape; in the boat, one man was killed and two wounded.

I will here state some of my own troubles, which were just commen-

cing—after deliberating, and counting the cost as well as I could, a beardless youth, in a strange wilderness, infested by a savage foe, I concluded, however, to try at all hazards, to make the best of my way up the river towards Pennsylvania. I knew that it was about 100 miles to Gallipolis, which I expected I could travel in three days, by travelling some by moonlight; so I shouldered my rifle, and started with some resolution for Pennsylvania. I travelled hard the remainder of that day, without interruption, until just before sunset, when I came to a large creek, with the backwater ebbing from the river, so there was no chance for me to cross—I turned up the creek, to seek for a chance to cross—I continued up the creek until sundown, the turkeys (which were plenty,) were flying up to roost. I levelled at one of them, and brought it down, and picking it up, ran on a piece and re-loaded my gun, and continued on until dark, I then struck fire into a dead white oak, which was rotten on the outside, and easy to kindle—I fell to roasting and eating my turkey, without salt or bread, which was my only chance for supper. I roasted about a pound of the breast to eat next day, until roasting time. By this time the fire had ran up the tree so high that it lighted the woods so, I thought it was best to travel on; as the moon was up, and I feared the Indians might discover my fire—so I travelled up the creek which still appeared like a pond of dead water, and no chance to cross. At length I came to a branch putting into the creek which was about waist deep, which I waded. I had now gone some miles up the creek, and found it ran with some current, but was too deep to wade, and there was neither log nor drift across it, so I again struck fire on the bank of the creek, and lay down to sleep, but I did not sleep much, for my fire was poor, and a part of my clothes were wet, and the night frosty, so that I had to turn often to warm. The owls hooted, the wolves howled and the turkeys gobbled. When daylight came, I gathered my gun which lay by my side, and started up the creek to search for a place to cross, but the stream was large, and neither log nor drift appeared, until I came to an island in the creek, and there was a drift over the first part of the creek, so that I got on the island. I then searched the other side for a bridge, but behold there was none; I therefore concluded that I must cross at all events; so I found a long dry log, that lay with one end in the water, which I thrust into the water with all the force that I was master of, and

then jumped on the end of it, in hopes that the force of the shoot would carry me across the deepest of the water, so that I could wade out, and keep my gun and powder dry; but the stream being wider than I had calculated, and of a strong current, my boat did not reach half way across, until it headed down stream with a whirl that threw me overboard in spite of all my endeavors to ballance her. I gripped my gun and felt for the bottom, but could find none; I then struck to swim, still holding fast to my gun, but when my clothes became filled with water, and a heavy pair of shoes which I had on, I found it impossible for me to swim out and carry my gun, so with the greatest reluctance, I let it go to the bottom, and with much ado I got out, pulling myself up by some willows that grew at the edge of the water, on a steep bank which I had to ascend, which I did with difficulty, about the time the sun shone on the hills. Leaving my gun seemed to cast a heavy gloom over my mind, and when I came to examine my powder, I found it all wet; I therefore tried to make the best of it, concluding that I could cross the waters for the future without so-much difficulty—so I started in a trot across the bottom, to try to warm myself, but had not went far until I started a gang of Buffaloes. I then struck for the river, which I soon found. I had nothing to hinder me from travelling—no cooking nor making of fires. So I travelled on until towards the middle of the day, which was Monday, when I came to another creek, which appeared almost as large as the one I had crossed in the morning, now said I to myself, I have no gun to lose, so I'll be right across; so I gathered two long poles that was some crooked, and laid them together, and straddled them, for I did not like to get all over wet, so I paddled with my hands, until I reached near the middle, when my poles spread apart, and let me down between them so that I had to swim out, and went on my way, but to my mortification, I found that the stream I had crossed, was only a buyou or arm of the river, so I had it to cross again. I found by an examination, that the pawpaw bark would peel—so I peeled some bark, and gathered some chunks and tied them together with the bark, so that I had a raft that I could sit on, and keep the upper part of my body dry, so I paddled across the buyou again. I then travelled on till night without much opposition. As to my provision, the small piece of half roasted meat was all my dependence.—When I felt the most keen appetite, I would take a small allow-

ance of my fresh meat; but the next thing was how I should lodge—so I went on to the top of the river hill, by the side of an old log, and gathered a pile of leaves, and lay down amongst them, with my back to the log, and took a nap, being weary and fatigued with travelling;—but when I awoke, I was very cold, as my clothes were wet, and the night frosty—so I got up and discovering that the moon had risen, so I travelled on till I came to a branch that put into the river—so I took off my shoes to wade, and carried them in my hand, while the water was draining from off my legs. I had begun to think that the Indians that were watching the river, were left behind; but while I was walking solitarily along the foot path, all of a sudden I saw a fire of coals, a little to the left of my path, near the bank of the river. At the same instant that I saw the fire, an Indian who was on watch, saw me, by the brightness of the moon. I then wheeled to the right, and ran across the bottom towards the hill. The Indian that was on guard, cried 'Wooh!' something like a hog when he gives the alarm, which made a great stir in the camp, and they all appeared to be in motion. I then made tracks as fast as I could across the bottom; as a retreat was my only chance for safety—I ran with all my might, for the Indian who was on guard, was hard after me, and in the midst of the race, some unseen brush or stick, caught one of my feet, which came near turning me a summerset, and by spreading my hands to save my head, my shoes which I was yet carrying, flew to one side, which I had not time to hunt, but gathering myself, I ran on until I reached the hill. When I found I was gaining on my pursuer, I ascended the hill and got amongst the rocks, and saw the Indian no more. My breath being nearly spent, I sat down behind a rock, almost in despair; my gun is gone, and my shoes is gone also, and now I shall perish in this wilderness. But it seemed like a voice said to me, the same hand of Providence that has preserved you this far, is able and willing to preserve you through all those dangers and difficulties, for a purpose of his own glory, which seemed to renew my courage, and I responded—Lord, if thou wilt deliver me from all these dangers and trials, I will be thy obedient servant the remainder of my days;—But Oh! the folly of such promises, for Jesus hath said, 'without me ye can do nothing.'

I then started anew, to travel by moon light, barefooted as I was; but the weather began to moderate, so that I managed to get along with

my bare feet, until towards day, when I gathered another bed of leaves, and took a nap. In the morning I started early, having nothing to hinder me, not even to put on my shoes. I kept along the hill side, and across the points, concluding the Indians were near the river, watching for boats. So I travelled this morning which was Tuesday, until I came to a sharp point of a ridge which led to the mouth of a branch; I being on the top of the point, and casting my eyes down to my left, I saw an Indian—we seemed to be passing each other—he saw me, at the same time I saw him. Now was the time I missed my gun—but having the advantage of ground, in two or three jumps I was out of his sight, he spake as I started, in broken English, and cried out, ‘stop! me ish white man too: but I paid no attention to him, for want of my gun. I ran circling round the point, and up the branch, until I came to a cave of rock in the hill side, which I slipped under, while I gained my breath; I then crept out, but saw my Indian white man no more. I concluded to steer across the hills in order to escape the red men. I started from the cave across the hills, keeping as near as I could guess, the course of the river—guiding my course by the sun in the day time, and by night the north star was my guide. So I travelled on through the remainder of Tuesday, through green briars and rocks—over mountains and hills, until night came on, when I gathered my bed after the usual manner, and went to rest, among the mountains near to Big Sandy. The next morning, which was Wednesday, I came to a large creek, which I supposed to be Big Sandy, which I crossed with a raft as before.

Near to this creek, I started a gang of Bitterroot, and two large Bear, but these appeared friendly, for where will game was plenty, the Indians were scarce. .

This morning was pleasant, and but a light frost; but towards the middle of the day, the sun grew dim, and I concluded to try to find the river, for said I if I lose sight of the sun, I shall soon starve to death here in the mountains, and I might as well perish by the sword, as by famine—I started towards the river, which I found about the middle of the day. I then travelled the rest of the day along the foot of the hill. When night came on, I still travelled a little by moon light. I then went up on the hill, gathered my bed, and went to rest. When I aross next morning, which was Thursday, I found my feet very much swollen, and scratch-

ed by the briars, and crooked with the March winds; so I concluded if I did not get relief that day, I should have to give up the chuse. I had been saving my fresh meat—and I think I ate the last of it this morning, it was a piece of bone with some meat on it, which was badly tainted, but tasted well to me.

I frequently chewed spine-browne, lynn, and elm buds, so that I scarcely went a mile without browsing at something. It would be in vain for me to describe the reflections of my mind. I often thought of the abased mercies of God, by those who live in plenty—those who cannot eat this, that, nor the other wholesome feed. But to return:—The weather now became pleasant, and I traveled on as fast as I could, until about the middle of the day, when I came to a large creek or river, near the bank of which, I discovered two meccasin tracks, which appeared to be fresh, making up the stream, which I believed to be Indian tracks, which gave me some uneasiness, while I had to gather materials for a raft, and cross the stream by paddling with my hands. This was the last stream I had to ferry. This afternoon became cloudy, and like for rain, which terminated in a thundergust, but I found a large hollow sycamore log that lay up from the ground, that was burned on the under side, which sheltered me from the rain; but when the rain ceased, I travelled on, though weary and faint. How to fix my lodg^ging, I could not tell, for my bed was wet, and my clothes were also wet with the bushes & weeds, but I concluded to hunt along the river hill, amongst the rocks for a cave with leaves in it, which I had frequently seen—I could find plenty of rocks, but no leaves under them; when dark came on, I crawled under one of the rocks, that made a small cave, but no leaves under it, so I crawled between it and the ground, & fell asleep, but when I awoke, I was shivering with cold, for the rock was cold, and the ground was as cold as ice; so I crept out and started on to search for better logings, but had not gone far until I found a cave with plenty of leaves in it, so I made up my bed, and crawled into it, and slept until sun rise—in which nap, I had a dream. I dreamed that I was on the river bank, and saw a boat coming down the river, to which I called alcud, and she came ashore, and behold my mother was in the boat, and had a large loaf of bread. So I awoke, and behold it was a dream. Notwithstanding it was a dream, it encouraged me some, and I had much need of encouragement, for as I came out of my

bed-roon, my feet were so twisted and sore, that it seemed hard work to put them to the ground, but I broke me a cane, and managed to hobble along until my blood became circulated, when I did not feel so bad, but had nothing for breakfast but browse,—having went to bed without my supper; but I travelled on until towards noon, when I found a few beach nuts, which served for my dinner. At this time I met with encouragement, for I found that the bushes had been cut, and laped on each side of the path, which I supposed were cut by the hunters from Gallipolis. I passed on until I saw some burnt leaves fall before me—next I saw smoke on the other side of the river. I then moved on with all the force that I could muster, until I heard chopping, soon after, I saw the French Garrison, which I could see about two miles, but I felt my weakness so that I had to sit down a number of times, before I came opposite the station. This was Friday, a little before sunset; it being a still evening, I hollowed so as to be heard. I was answered by one of the Wheeling boys who was at the time, a hunter for the fort; his name was George Williams—he asked me who I was, and what I wanted: I told him that I was a lost man in distress, and wanted to get over—he then asked my name, and I told him—he then said I should be brought over immediately. So he sent a man with a canoe and took me over. The French inhabitants of the place, seemed to be amazed at my situation, and gathered round me in the attitude of examining me—some supposing that I was a spy, but a certain Squire Roberson, came into the crowd and took me by the hand, and led me to his log cabin, which had the string of the latch hanging out, and had an earthen floor. He first gave me some whiskey, which I tasted. He then brought me some hominy fried in bears oil which was very suitable food for my stomach, as well as pleasant to my taste; I therefore took a few spoonfulls, of the hominy, but soon became very sick at my stomach. The Squire then brought a bear skin and placed it on the earthen floor—I then lay down and slept myself well before bed time. I then got up and ate some more of the hominy, when I returned to my bed and lay until morning—I felt much recruited, except my feet, which were badly swollen—the bottoms of them seemed to be raised in blood blisters, while the tops were seratched with the briars, and cracked with the March winds, until the blood was gushing out, but the Squire gave me a pair of large dressed deer skin moccasins.

sins, with some flannel rags, dipped in Liners oil, to get on my feet, and bade me travel about the town—so I obeyed him, and my feet minded fast, so that in about a week I started for home.

I went up the Kanawha, where I found a trading keel boat, belonging to Dr. Wilkey, from Pittsburgh. I took a passage to work for my board, and had a good passage up to Point Creek where I landed, and got home the third day, where there was rejoicing, for the prodigal had returned home safe and sound.

My father now was becoming by industry and economy throughout the whole family, to be tolerably well off, for he had two improvement rights—one he made by actual settlement, the other he bought—each would hold four hundred acres of land, by paying ten pounds a hundred to the General Land Office. He managed to pay the fee of one tract of four hundred acres—the other he gave a share of to John Carnicle, for clearing it out of the office. So we began to live in tolerable good style, with the rest of the farmers of the backwoods of Pennsylvania.

I was now in my 21st year, and had formed an acquaintance with a daughter of one of the pioneers of the neighborhood of the name of Craft; but both of us being young we concluded it might be possible the attachment was of a childish nature. This, however I found not to be the case, for in my greatest distress, and in my camp, the first thought in my mind was of the dear object of my heart whom I had left in so much agony and distress for my safety. Nor could I be easy after I got home until I paid her a visit and found that her heart was as fixed and determined as mine. We renewed our pledges and waited opportunity to confirm the contract.

After harvest my father proposed to build a saw mill, as he wanted to build a new house and there was no sawmill bandy. So he agreed with the millwright who came on, and in three weeks from the time that the first stick was cut, we had the frame up. We then had to dig for a foundation for the dam which was across a swampy bottom. This was in the month of November, and cold freezing weather, so that we would have to break the ice when we went to work in the morning, and remain knee deep in the water all day; but we received no damage by the wet and cold, as we lay with our feet to the fire at night and occasionally took our bitters.

But I still thought about marrying, which I concluded would make

one happy, and about the beginning of the next year, which was 1792, I managed to dress some skins in bad weather, with which I bought a jacket and pair of breeches, and went a trip with my father to Laurel Hill to buy his mill irons, and while thereto I prevailed on him to buy me a new coat of coarse broadcloth, so that I was then nearly fixed with the wedding dress. I then dressed a skin and had me a pair of gloves made, and having obtained consent on both sides, which was a great task but which was obtained with less difficulty than we had expected, we were finally married on the 16th day of February 1792, three days before I was twenty years old. My father gave me a hundred acres of land amongst the hills and rocks, and her father gave her a bed, and a cow and two sheep. I also had a small horse. My land was in the woods; so I went to work to clear and fence a corn-field;—the first day I split rails I split 320 in white oak timber, the timber being already cut; I got two acres cleared for corn and about the same for wheat.

But I shall come now to state some of the exercises of my mind which were various. Sometimes I would view the gloomy scenes of my travels on the Virginia bank of the Ohio, and reflect on the solemn vows that I had made behind the craggy rock of the mountain, and then I would conclude that I would reform my life and live up to my vows, but I as often found myself to fail of performing anything that I thought was acceptable to God; for the more I saw of the purity of the divine law which saith—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, strength and mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," I found I failed in every particular, for my mind was carnal and of course was enmity to the law of God—it was not subject thereunto;—the law appeared so just and true not one good duty could I do.

But there remained a disposition to do something to recommend me to the favor of God. Some times I was encouraged to try to pray for mercy but always with some dependance on my own performances, for which I thought the Lord would have mercy on such a vile rebel as I was. But in the spring of 1793 there was a revival of religion in the neighborhood, and my younger brother, David, was soon delivered of his burden of sin, but I was still under condemnation, and thought I was now left behind, for one was taken and another left. So I seemed to go mourning all the day—I forsook my former companions in a great measure, though

sometimes I was ensnared with their company, which was a great grief to my mind, and helped to show me something of my own weakness and depravity. I was in the habit of going to Presbyterian meeting frequently, and thought they were very good Christian people, but I had formed an attachment to Father David Sutton, who belonged to a church about ten miles from us, as the greatest gospel preacher, and as my father, mother and oldest brother belonged to the church and commonly attended once a month, I sometimes went with them to try if I could get relief from my burden. The old man would tell my exercise and feelings in his sermon, but could not give me the one thing needful; and he would tell me in conversation that it was easy to believe when the Lord's time was come.— My wife perceived that something ailed me, but did not know what it was. Sometimes I would retire to myself and try to ease my troubled mind, but it was all in vain as to my plan, for I still had dependence on my own exertions; but in June, 1793, if I mistake not, my wife and I went to meeting to the Baptist Church where Elder Sutton preached. We went to the church meeting on Saturday, but my mind seemed to be enveloped in darkness—even a darkness that might be felt, and the temptations of the adversary seemed to be to give up all for lost, and try to take pleasure in sin; but to this I could not yield too far, as I had got so much sight of the awful consequences of sin already. My mind was that night like “the troubled ocean, that casteth up mire and dirt,” but in the morning I was inclined to go away in secret where I could tell my wants to sovereign grace. So I went to a lonely thicket, but when I came there I seemed to be something like the Publican, who dared not so much as lift up his eyes, and could scarcely utter the same words that he did, but concluded that my condemnation was sealed, and that there certainly was no mercy for me. I walked slowly back to the house almost in desperation, and bowed down like a bull-rush. But O the time of the singing of birds was near, for the sun of righteousness was about to appear, with healing in his wings—for as I advanced near the wall of the house, the door being shut, I heard the man of the house, reading in the 53d chapter of Isaiah. The first expression that seemed to raise my drooping spirits, was the 4th verse, ‘surely he hath borne our grief, and carried our sorrows &c’. 5th verse—‘But he was wounded for our transgressions—he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon

him and with his stripes we are healed;' and so on, through the chapter, as you can read at your leisure; which opened to my understanding and view, the great efficacy of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep, dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth; verse 7. I then stood amazed, for some time, and seemed as if I could mount as on the wings of an eagle; or that I could rejoice with joy unspeakably and full of glory. The whole creation seemed to rejoice with me, so that the vegetable, as well as the brutal creation, seemed to bare a different aspect, but the poor sinner is brought by a way which he knew not, and led in a path which he had not understood or troden.

Now I was ready to say, that Elder Sutton was right; for the Lord's is the best time; for he ever liveth to give repentance and remission of sins to Israel. I went to meeting that day, which was Sunday, and seemed to feed on the preaching of the gospel; and the character of the Lord Jesus Christ, seemed to be like one altogether lovely, and desirable, the chiefest amongst ten thousand.

But my summer did not last long, for I had not obtained what I had been seeking for. To be renewed or changed, both in body and mind—for my carnal mind was still enmity with God, but still it grieved me to think of sinning against so good a Saviour. I think I saw something of the malignity of sin, that had caused the Lord Jesus to sweat great drops of blood, and groan under the mighty burden, when he bore the sins of all his people, in his own body on the tree.

I did not now feel so much afraid of going to hell, or of being punished, as of disobeying or dishonoring so merciful and glorious a Saviour as I had now found. But the inquiry was, Lord what shall I do? or what can I do? Or O Lord what wilt thou have me to do?

I found the answer of Peter, when the three thousand were pricked in their hearts. Ah! but I am afraid said, I that I am deceived, and have not been pricked in the heart, like those penitents, under the powerful preaching of an apostle, newly baptised with the holy ghost. I felt so unworthy, I was afraid I would be a dishonor to the cause, and bring a reproach on the church, if they could receive me. So I continued for some months—sometimes bowed down, with the sense of a neglect of duty; for I was not much at a loss respecting the mode of baptism, although

I had been to the Presbyterian meetings more than I had to the Baptist and had gained a good opinion of them, as an orderly, respectable society in their way, but when I came to inquire seriously, for the mind of the Lord on the subject. Being as I humbly trust suitably brought down into the valley of humiliation. I could not receive an answer from men, nor according to human tradition—neither did consult with flesh and blood on the subject, But to the word and the testimony, where I learned that to be baptised, is to be buried, and that Jesus was buried in Jordan's liquid stream, when he was baptised, and they that take up their cross and follow him, must be buried with him in baptism. For he said "come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," yea, "learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest to your souls—take my yoke upon you, for my yoke is easy and my burden is light." Thus I saw the Lord Jesus did not require any act of me by way of obedience, that he had not left the example in fair characters, so that the wayfaring man, though fools shall err therein. So that any faithful reader of the New Testament has no reason to beat a loss concerning the mode or subjects of baptism, which according to his arrangement, believers are the subjects, and immersion, or a burial, is the mode. But I was still afraid that I was not a fit subject, for my mind was darkened through the corruptions of the flesh, and the deceitfulness of sin, so that I was ready to cry out, "Oh wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me" &c.

But after some months, my brother Daniel inquired of me something concerning my hope—I told him that my hope was too small—he cited me to one of the old Prophets, who said despise not the day of small things, for they that do, shall fall away by little and little—which bore heavy on my mind. So I concluded I would go to the monthly meeting again, and try if it would not relieve me in some measure; so I went, and my brother advised me to converse with the church, that they could likely give me some advice, that might be of use to me. So when the church had opened for the reception of members, I went forward, not that I felt like the church could relieve me, but I wanted to relieve my mind. So I told them some of my former exercises, with a flood of tears, and when I was through, I went out with one of the brethren, while the church made up their minds, for so was the practice of that church, but we were

soon called in, and the moderator gave me the right hand of fellowship, but I was afraid they were deceived.

But the church left it with me when and where to be baptised. My request was, that a meeting be appointed at my fathers, near to my house, where we frequently had meeting—that my wife and neighbors might have the opportunity of seeing me enter into the ranks, under the banner of King Emanuel.

So I was baptised according to the ancient order, and enrolled in the church. But my warfare was just beginning, but having obtained help of God, I continue until this hour.

We lived in Pennsylvania, until we had six children—the youngest was more than a year old; in the spring of 1802, we moved to Ohio, Trumbull county, where we had seven more, which made thirteen, ten of which are yet living, and three are not.

We lived in Ohio 17 years, which brought 1819, we then moved into Indiana, and lived on White Water, Fayette county, two years and six months—thence we moved to Blue River, where we have lived more than twenty years, in Henry county, which brings three score and ten to the number of my age, and may I not say with my namesake of old, to Pharaoh. ‘Few and foul of sorrow have the days of the pilgrimage of thy servant here.’ Our children were all married, and had families, before my companion died, in May 10th, 1841—and their children numbers 62 living, and great grand children 5.

The object of the foregoing pages, is not for speculation, nor a display of talents, which the reader will readily perceive, are but limited at best. But that the present, and rising generation; and in particular my own children, and grand children, and their children, may, in after ages, read in my own dialect, or diction, a few instances of the many thousand cases of sufferings amongst the revolutioners, as well as the pioneers of the west.

THE END.

